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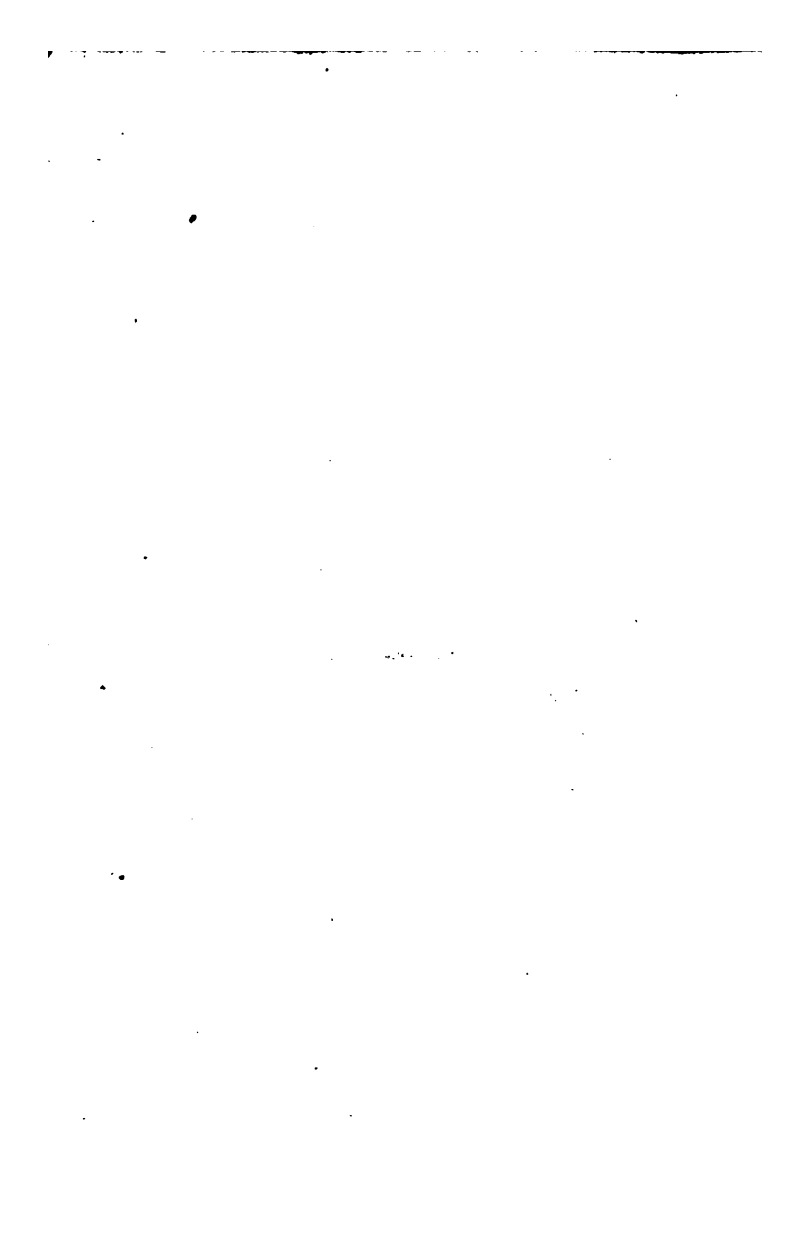
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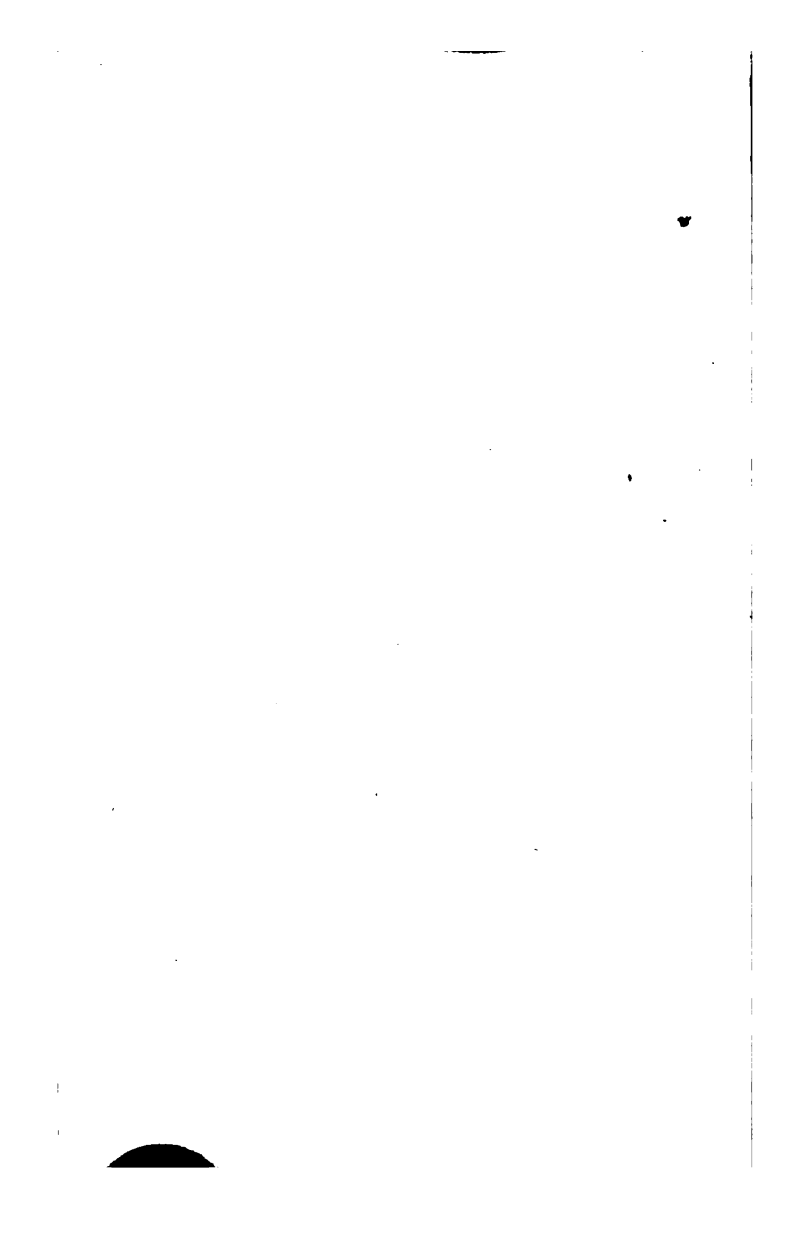


1840.

42.







A LETTER
TO THE
RIGHT HON. LORD BROUGHAM,
AND TO THE
Educated and Intellectual Classes,
ON THE
EXCELLENCIES AND CONSOLATIONS
OF
“ DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.”

*Ταύτην μονην εὑρισκον φιλοσοφίαν ασφαλή τε και σύμφορον·
ἔτως δὴ και διὰ ταῦτα φιλόσοφος εγώ.*

JUSTIN. DIALOG. p. 152.

“ How charming is divine philosophy.”

MILTON.

36

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MDCCCXL.



A LETTER, &c.

MY LORD,

WHOEVER highly esteems intellectual powers and acquirements, as among God's noblest gifts—unless his own mind be possessed by envy and selfishness, or his temperament peculiarly cold and abstracted—must feel at times a deep interest in the character, career, and welfare of those whom the Giver of all good has most eminently thus endowed, even although not admitted to their intercourse, nor personally knowing them.

Such a feeling has been strongly awakened in myself, with respect to several distinguished writers and speakers now passed into another world; most of all, I think, in the instance of that eloquent De Staël, to whom your Lordship has fitly assigned a place among the

“statesmen” of our age. No doubt, in this case, the warmth and brilliancy of her imaginative powers, and the spell of her deep and pensive sentiment, much augmented the impression. It exists, however, under a different modification, towards those great minds whose temperament, and sphere, and achievements are of a severer cast.

I am persuaded, my Lord, that from this kind of feeling, as well as from more simply considering the actual and important influence which you have exerted and might still exert, the announcement of your impaired health has affected not a few of your countrymen with genuine concern. It is said that your Lordship has suffered acutely from the loss of your nearest relatives; and that from these causes your indisposition has at least been aggravated, cannot but be deemed highly probable.

Minds of a lively and melting sensibility are, I believe, often less profoundly and lastingly wounded by great distresses, than they who endure with calmness and resist with active strength. The weeping willow droops,

and the gnarled oak is riven. I have fallen unawares into metre; which, where figures are employed, is often near at hand. These facts, however, even if as true as I suppose them, will not go far towards vindicating from the charge of officious impertinence one who ventures to urge on your Lordship topics of consolation and resources of happiness.

That charge may be perhaps somewhat extenuated, by mentioning, that he who addresses you, however inferior both in social and mental rank, is one that has himself suffered; partly from great and repeated bereavements of the same and other kinds, partly from a mind so framed as to have often realized what Byron has expressed, (though memory may not furnish his exact words,)

“ This melancholy is a fearful gift,
Holding up life in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real.”

I address your Lordship, however, not privately, but through the press—and thus not so much personally, as in the quality of one who may fitly represent, by eminence, the educated

and intellectual classes generally ;—I do so because this method obviates in part the imputation above referred to, of assuming to teach or to console *such* a reader.

I would fain hope and believe, my Lord, that you have of late, (if not earlier,) yourself revolved and felt the truths which may here be suggested. If so,—or if you should decline, which perhaps is in your case almost unavoidable, to be led by another, and a stranger, towards them,—the suggestions here made will still be placed thus before other minds; some of whom may account them less unworthy of notice, just *because* the writer *has* presumed to address or inscribe them to a censor so distinguished. Thus the charge of arrogance is in part averted, while the scope and sphere of whatever good may, by God's blessing, be hoped for, is indefinitely widened.

If, indeed, any near approach in point of intellectual grasp or furniture were requisite to justify and encourage such an attempt, your Lordship would feel that few, if any, even of the great leaders with whom you have been in

collision or co-operation through life, ought to venture on the task.

But few can know better than yourself how true and variously applicable is the maxim so tersely given by La Fontaine—

“ On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi ; ”

for the greater men are, the more occasions must they have to experience this ; and, if not “ often,” it may at least be sometimes true as to the best and most availing presentment of those truths which most deeply concern our happiness.

The consolations, or sources of hope, which (as one who has in a *measure* proved them) I would now suggest, are, indeed, any thing but new ; on the contrary, their impression is likely to be abated by their being deemed so trite and common. For it is certain, that they are sufficiently understood and appreciated to be effectually embraced, by very many feeble and vulgar minds ; often also presented *by* such, and sometimes, perhaps, purposely *for* such, in the garb of cant or technicality, and in connexion or mixture with

extreme and untenable opinions, which render them repulsive to cultivated tastes and to comprehensive and powerful understandings ; though such a dress, I believe, may most adapt them to the popular tone of thought and of susceptibility. But I conceive that, when divested of these adjuncts, which are, in great part, mere media of conveyance, the doctrines and discoveries *peculiar* to Christianity will be found, in spite of the strong aversion and contempt of many gifted persons, to contain in them the highest and best *philosophy*—that of true consolation, high moral advancement, and abiding satisfaction. You have yourself argued, my Lord, with eminent success, and with a weight which the *future* influence of your name will, I am persuaded, continue to augment, the existence and attributes of Deity. A most important task; not merely on account of the dependence which you have shown of revelation on Natural Theology, but also as combating that actual or virtual atheism, whether of materialists, like Broussais, or spiritualists, like

Shelley, which I fear infects, in some vague form, multitudes in almost all countries, from Britain to Hindostan.

You have also, with much force, (and in opposition to the theories of both those classes of speculatists,) argued from that personal consciousness, which is the essential quality of the human mind—its oneness, spirituality, incapacity of division, or dissolution; that is, in other words, its natural immortality, or continuance of consciousness, until he who made it what it is shall, by ceasing to sustain its essence, will to *unmake* it: the truth next in importance to the being of a God; nay, of co-ordinate importance, or rather involved with that truth, since, as you fully perceive and plainly declare, the disproof of the one would invalidate the proof and belief of the other.*

Permit me to add, that (even apart from the dogma of materialists) the denial of a future life for man must lead (as I conceive) to a virtual atheism. For if it could be supposed that a God really exists, and yet that the mind

* Disc. of Nat. Theol. pp. 78, 79.

of man, *whatever* be its nature, is doomed to a destruction of consciousness at the death of the bodily frame, being designed for and made capable of no further happiness than our present life may yield, then is this same perishing mind of man itself more sublime and benevolent than the mind of that supposed God, inasmuch as it conceives and hopes, and would, if it had power, assuredly procure for itself and others, an existence far more perfect, happy, and durable than he wills or intends for it; or, if we should suppose a God who, having created and sustained the mind of man, *could not* sustain and prolong its conscious being beyond this short life, then must the power of that God be so limited as to preclude all belief in his spiritual perfection or greatness, and consequently in his real personal existence.

In giving, therefore, the suffrage and the reasonings of your powerful mind decidedly for these doctrines, a real Deity, and a real soul, you would have performed (in my opinion) good service to the cause of revelation,

even although it should be supposed (which I find no reason to conclude) that you had not directly aimed or sincerely wished to serve it.

Because, if I have observed human nature, or sounded my own heart aright, the mind of man is prone to doubt on these fundamental points, and it is this secret wavering which makes revelation always appear to those who reject or slight it, and sometimes even to those who receive it, both the less *credible* and the less *needful*.

This *wavering*, as to the great “foundations” of all truth and hope, I conceive to be the habitual state of most who do not seriously accept revelation—a state varying with their temper, feelings, and circumstances, verging towards careless unbelief in seasons of comparative safety and enjoyment, and towards anxious views of the opposite kind, in times of calamity and danger.

The sceptical prayer said to have been used by a soldier on the battle-field, “O God,—if there be a God,—save my soul, if I have a soul!” must have been offered in substance,

though not in form, by thousands of doubting but alarmed minds, in the war-storm and the sea-storm, from the days of Jonah until now.

In urgent peril the belief or apprehension is usually awaked, which, till then, might be dormant or repressed, that there is both a God and a soul; and he who stirs it before that time, (as I hope your Lordship may have done in some minds,) by showing strong *reasons* for both, proves, in so doing, the great need we have of *our* revelation,—a revelation of real grace,—in order to a life of real peace. It is too true the mind may be (or seem to be) convinced of a God and a soul, and yet *not* awakened to that inference;—but, on the other hand, while it continues to deny or prevalently to doubt those primary and momentous facts, the inference *cannot* arise.

In this view I cannot but esteem your discourse of Natural Theology a most valuable and seasonable addition to our earlier treasures on that great subject. The deliberate and recorded suffrage, as was remarked before, of every one such mind, *for* those fun-

damental truths, must have weight both with some who hold and some who impugn them. It ought to have (let me add) much more weight than any argument or declaration of the same mind, or one equally powerful, *against* them; inasmuch as the love of ingenious paradox, and of proud independence, is well known to be most natural to such, and must ever incline them to dispute opinions on which the multitude of inferior minds are resting.

But there is a farther question, the very next in importance to these fundamental truths of a God and a soul; namely, what are the attributes and intentions of the Deity towards *us*?

You have said, my Lord, that the "peculiar attributes" of the "Ancient of Days," are "nearly the same in the volume of nature and in that of his revealed word."* This remark is, in a certain sense, true and valuable, but appears to need, what you will excuse me for

* Disc. p. 213.

suggesting, a qualification to which the term "nearly" is not adequate.

Your Lordship, I presume, intended, that the wisdom and goodness, and, to a certain extent, the justice of the Supreme Being, are seen in the works of creation, and in the ways of providence; and that these also are the attributes declared by revelation. Fully acceding to both these propositions, I must, at the same time, hold that the moral attributes of goodness or clemency, and justice or equity, are exhibited by revelation, in a far more distinct and exceedingly enhanced manner; and above all, that modification of clemency and benevolence which consists in forgiveness, and in special help and favour to the forgiven. I would not at all contend that even *this* is in *no* degree indicated by the course of nature and providence. On the contrary, in whatever measure, change of conduct induces the natural removal of the natural causes of suffering, an original divine arrangement, partaking the character of forgiveness, seems involved. But that it is very partially and un-

certainly so, and more of the nature of a respite than a reprieve, may be inferred from other and numerous cases in which no change of purpose or of life does or can remove the consequences of past folly and transgression.

Our revelation, however, is throughout (from beginning to end) essentially a revelation of sovereign and judicial pardon—a pardon much more than equivalent to even honourable acquittal by earthly judicatures, in as much as it includes the being instated in full favour of the Sovereign Judge whose law has been infringed. And this we regard as the cardinal and chief discovery of our book ; that the Deity (at once our Sovereign, Judge, and Father) is *infinitely* forgiving, towards all who really accept his great proclaimed amnesty in his own way and on his own prescribed terms.*

Here I believe to be the only, and (when cordially embraced) the plenary source of real

* On the case of those who have not heard of it, and those who cannot understand it, we have no occasion or title to pronounce.

comfort in the sorrows of declining life, in bereavements, in sinking health, and in the prospect of dissolution, as well as at other times when conscience is susceptible, and, more or less, makes "cowards of us all," or ought to do so. This kind of consolation, my Lord, you know that mere philosophy could not in old times, and cannot now supply. For it—mere or unrevealed philosophy—either supposes the Deity indifferent alike to human agents and acts, or else generally good, (meaning principally, by that phrase, kind and lenient,) and causing, either freely or by necessity, all things to be ruled by general laws tending to good, which they will and must follow. But not even this latter and better theory can at all assure us of our own or other men's complete and continued *happiness*. Those who believe in the oneness and indiscerptible character of spirit or consciousness—a doctrine so well defended and illustrated by yourself—and who therefore expect a future life of some sort, (unless the Deity should resolve to *destroy*,) must of course

either expect that life to be precisely on a par with this, as to its sum of good or evil in a like duration, or else, that it will have more of good, *or* more of evil.

Now an exact parity it is *very* difficult to imagine, not only as a thing probably not occurring in all inanimate nature, nor in all the tribes of living beings, (so far as we know them,) but still more because, even if such parity were supposed, it is scarce possible that the reminiscences of this life, as having influenced the character of the next, should not cause a deep regret at its not being *better*, and being therefore less good than it might have been or *ought* to be ; which very regret or self-reproach would subvert the parity supposed.

If so, it follows that the next life to this must necessarily be either more or less happy. Suppose it happier—*wherefore* will it be so ? From no other cause, (every real theist must maintain,) than *his will* who then, as now, can alone uphold our being and all its conditions or attributes. And why, or on what solid

ground, shall we expect him to *will* it to be happier?

Few real *thinkers*, after once admitting a distinction between right and wrong, can be at all confident that the Deity will make them happier on the score of their *deserts*.

Looking at the matter in some kind of forensic view, as either a sentence or award, which is the only conceivable way of viewing it, the Mahometan notion of a *balance* of merits, (which, however, is vaguely held by very many called Christians,) seems perfectly untenable.

The analogy of human law would be, that violations of it incur correspondent penalty, but fulfilments of it (even if perfect) claim no *reward*, except just the continuance of general protections and privileges already possessed.

I am aware that the understanding, even of a great thinker, may seem blinded to the fact of having deflected from right, and incurred ill desert. Yet when Cicero writes,

“Cum omni vacem culpâ—

“Culpam et peccatum qua semper caruisti,”

and in other places to the same purport, he must, I apprehend, have only meant to state himself and Torquatus, &c. to be free from what human *law* and heathen society denounced as *infamous or criminal*. I have lately met a shrewd and vivacious person, who stoutly contended that his heart was *quite good and pure*, while stating, in the course of the same lengthened conversation, that he had been, till within a short period, intoxicated every night for seven years, besides gambling and other levities of which he had now seen the folly. Even men who think *deeply* and *comprehensively* on other points, I fear often view their personal character in this marvellously beautifying glass. But those who at once *think* deeply and *feel* deeply, cannot. And they who have long *thought* deeply, on many subjects, without any *feeling* on these points, and who come at length, with Arthur Young, La Harpe, and many others, to feel and meditate profoundly concerning these, will have their views essentially altered, as to past culpability, as to the actual state of the heart, and as to

the natural or rational prospect which may be formed concerning the quality of the life to come.

It is further obvious, that if the next life be in itself ever so *little* better than the present, it must be *much* better, supposing it a state not alterable or mutable, and sure to be of very long continuance ; and not merely much better as an aggregate, but in every section of it ; inasmuch as, whatever be the amount of amelioration, it will be and appear of immense value *prospectively*. On the other hand, if it be but a little *worse*, the same attribute of foreseen duration must render that life a far more fearful burden than the present life is found by those most weary of it. Nay, suppose it *no* worse. You know how those who have drawn (as I think Gibbon somewhere observes was his own case) a prize in the lottery of life, may find it prove, at length, an insufferable blank.

You know, my Lord, how some of your cotemporaries—the prosperous, the influential, and the honoured—have desperately cast

it away. But what if they could not have done so? What if they had been destined to hold it endlessly, or without known limit, or even to the age of Methuselah; and this because they *must*, without the solace of bravely *choosing* and persevering to bear it?

Would such a reluctant protraction of the *same* life, even *without* the accession of great pains and infirmities, be less, in many cases, than a terrible, though it might be a simply natural, penalty?

The genuine hope of a *better* life, of a high, and pure, and lasting happiness, (such a hope as shall not waver, or, at least, not be destroyed, in the greatest trials by which it can be tested,) must arise from the assurance, that it is the will of the Deity first to *forgive*, and then to *perfect*, those who cordially accept the "free gift" revealed, of endless life through a divine mediation—through his having provided against the claims of the supreme equity, and thus given scope for a safe and honourable extension of the supreme favour to all offenders who seek it. If pride object,

as it often does, to this gratuitous *favour*, I should contend that pride, in a *creature* towards his Creator, is an enormous absurdity. It is the porcelain attempting to prescribe to the potter *how* and on what considerations he shall adorn or remodel that which he has formed.

And what matters it whether the porcelain be strong or weak, splendid or coarse, a peasant's cup or a Portland vase. Its highest qualities cannot prevent its being "broken to shivers," if the Former please. Let the created mind be ever so powerful and brilliant; let the stores of memory and the resources of reasoning be alike vast; let the masculine and versatile power of the pen be only surpassed by the more prompt and un-failing eloquence of the tongue; let the intellect be turned from high metaphysical distinctions, or severe analytical calculations, to the widest views in politics or the most intricate in law, and then revert from the pleadings of the senate to the hexagons of the bee, with equal facility and energy—still is all this

strength and adornment as quickly shaken and overthrown as are the meanest faculties that can be pronounced mental. We might go farther, and say, that although not more dependent, it appears more fragile and insecure than those.

Pride towards the Maker from the made! It is this, I presume, which makes the denial of a *Creator* so favourite an object with that school, who have been at such pains to relieve and refresh themselves and us, by the theory of a mundane soul or spirit of nature, with which matter is co-eternal. Towards an imagined personal divinity which once was *not*, such as the armed daughter of Jove,—or towards an *impersonal* divinity, that soul of the world or spirit of nature,—there may be some ground for pride and independence; for refusing grace and favour and forgiveness from the one, and for denying, truly enough, the possibility of it from the other; but to stipulate for honourable conditions, or to stand on our merits, with that Being who “alone is able to make us stand” in the ranks of existence;

“who holdeth our soul in life;” is a solecism into which, if it were well considered, none but the most limited of minds could relapse.

If the pretender to a throne, or the insurgent against authority, has fully ascertained that his forces are, and must always be, hopelessly inferior to those of the reigning and lawful monarch, will it not be rather *madness* than pride, if instead of “desiring conditions” of “peace,” he affect to *dictate* terms? How much more when the disaffected is the creature, and the Sovereign the Creator, who can not merely subdue him but “disband” him into nothing? Besides, let us suppose disloyal subjects in a remote province of the great Roman world, even under a Trajan or Antonine, having become so from misstatements of their emperor’s character, imagining him to care nothing at all for *them*, or to be as unjust and relentless as most of his predecessors; if they became disabused of this, and learnt that his strict justice was only exceeded or equalled by his signal clemency, would it be unmanly or degrading on their part to accept from *him*

an act of grace, especially if sent by the most intimate and dignified of his family as the envoy of kindness? Would it be justly thought, this is pusillanimity, to accept the pardon and favour of a generous prince who has right and power for summarily quelling disaffection, and thus to enter on that allegiance from which we swerved under a false and crude misbelief? If this act of submission be not (as it is not) parallel to that of those who welcome the *divine* amnesty, it is not so, just because it falls immensely *short* of the case it is meant to illustrate.

Submission, with all the heart, to the rectitude and clemency of the universal Sovereign, as manifested and proposed in his own way and on his own terms in the message and acts of the divine Saviour, is an act incomparably *less* open even to the plausible imputation of servility and cowardice than the supposed would be.

It is submitting to a Sovereign infinitely more just and good, whom (to say the least) we have entirely misconceived, and therefore

wronged; who offers the most generous and perfect immunities by a messenger infinitely greater and more benevolent. If refusal or neglect would in the first instance be insane pride and folly, what shall we say of refusal or neglect in the second? To trifle with the first would be to expose ourselves to danger or exile during a short reign—with the second, to “ills we know not of,” through a reign which cannot terminate. To accept the former would be to accept the favour of a mortal, himself dependent; to secure the latter would be to procure his friendship in whom all wisdom, power, and faithfulness centre.

It has indeed been objected, with much adroitness and force of sarcasm, that “the princes of this world,” its leading and celebrated minds, as well as its chiefs in wealth and dignity, contemned and discredited the great embassy and act of heavenly grace at its introduction; and we see many of them condemn it still; or if they notice it, do so (at least in their conclaves) merely to predict that it is doomed to sink into oblivion.

Our florid but insidious historian of the "Roman Empire" was careful to set up this stone of stumbling in one of its most imposing aspects; pointing out how the miracles which ushered in this embassy, were by the "wise" and "noble" strangely unrecognised and unobserved.

He might have added, that the import and value of the message appear to have been equally so. Indeed, it is probable that the character of the message itself, if attended to, would have been always far more obnoxious than the pretension to miracles. But no one knows better than your Lordship how pregnant with vast consequences certain occurrences have proved, to which "the princes of this world" paid but very small regard.

Of how much more lasting and extensive moment was the discovery of Gutemberg than the victories of Charles the Fifth; and the invention of Watt than the career of Napoleon. How justly also does Rousseau, (in the person of his sceptical priest,) exalt "the Son

of Mary" immensely above the son of Sophroniscus.

But though "the house and lineage" of the former were ancient and royal,—his station, and his course, so far as *merely* human, were confessedly obscure;—yet what has been the real and enduring influence of any philosopher, ruler, or conqueror, on the mental and moral progress of mankind, compared with that of this lowly Galilean, whom no ancient persecutor or apostate could boast of vanquishing, and whom no modern conspiracy of bitter and idolized scoffers has prevailed to crush. True, the corrupting power of human nature, and of that deeply vitiated state of society into which his message and his system had to be *infused*, very soon adulterated both. The clear waters of life (as some one has forcibly expressed it) could not remain pure when they rolled over "this muddy bottom;" in these polluting and darkening channels. But the low and ignoble Nazarene,—as the old antagonists of Christianity loved to style

him,—has still lived and still lives in the hearts, in the affectionate adoration and trust of myriads, both of “the wise and the unwise,” and vindicates the divine honours which he claimed, by his high moral influence, by the charm and power inherent in his “free gift” of grace, and his voluntary doom of love: not so much by the miracles, which were but one kind of seals to it, as by the purport and effect of the charter itself; rendering all who sincerely and gratefully receive that amnesty and that true peace with God, (as procured and ratified by his heroic sufferings,) more pure, peaceful, hopeful, happy—amidst all abatements for remaining evil and infirmity—than any class of mankind whom his enemies can confront with them, in this age, or from the ages past.

The cordial acceptance of this “grace,” followed (as a *cordial* acceptance is) by the allegiance and attachment of admiration and gratitude, is the “divine philosophy” which alone will make a *truly* happy man; and it

will do so not the less, though most who embrace it should be as unlearned as Cowper's lace-maker, and as poor as Epictetus.

It was this which made that Wilberforce a happy man, to whose virtues and talents your Lordship, notwithstanding wide differences of opinion and party, gives just honour, when you describe him as one whose "genius was elevated by his virtues and exalted by his piety."

You know, my Lord, that the peculiar truths of Christianity were not embraced by him either from gloom, cowardice, or narrowness of mind; you know that they infused unceasing diligence and ardour into his philanthropy, and soothed him in life's decline. This peace with God, which men of the world think a weakness, was the added motive of his good-will towards men, and reinforced his patient courage in a course the most arduous, raising his eye really to heaven and giving him boldness to meet the enmity of earth. Thus we may affirm, that real faith, in a far

loftier and happier as well as more spiritual sense, than the poet declares it of God or nature,

“Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit.”

And this is true, more or less, of every one who truly receives the evangelic peace and consolation; from a Hale, a Boyle, or a Wilberforce, to an artisan; notwithstanding the weak, assailable, inconsistent, and even ludicrous points which may be found in the character of either. The flaws are not in the “divine philosophy,” but in its disciples.

It is a system of heavenly simplicity, divinely adapted to move, to soothe, to impel, to enlarge both human and angelic minds; but as to the human,—the only sort of minds we *know*,—these are too weak, too unquiet, too indolent, too contractile by turns, for them to exhibit its efficacy without unnumbered failures and abatements.

My Lord, the writer of these pages and many others, wish you to possess fully this

great specific in all its purity and strength; for all true Christians who know your position, your gifts, and your trials, must have this wish if their thoughts be at any time steadily directed towards you. I believe your mind to be too powerful and independent to be deterred from examining its claims to destroy or exclude *real* misery, and to produce as much of happiness as earth admits,—merely because Epicureans or Stoics scorn it, or because many who are illiterate, enthusiastic, or superstitious prize it.

The New Testament, my Lord, is but a small collection. Those important tracts, the Gospel of John, and the Epistle to the Romans, contain, I should suppose, fewer sentences than the celebrated speech of Demosthenes, which your Lordship has so elaborately studied and so ably translated. It is probable that you, whose diligence has been so unremitting and whose research so various, have read these brief Greek writings of the apostles with attention and candour. If so, it has not been in expectation of the graces of style,

(which, if the tracts be genuine, you know was altogether unlikely to be pure :) but for the important facts and doctrines they record, as well as the internal evidence of genuineness and veracity.

Not every one even of the lettered and studious has done this. The late Earl Dudley excused himself to Bishop Coplestone for not entering on the study of Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, on the ground that he had not as yet read the Epistles of Paul, being deterred by their obscurity.

But those facts and doctrines, I am persuaded your Lordship will agree, *deserve* to be examined and weighed. Nor ought it surely to be an appalling or repulsive toil for the scholar to investigate them as thoroughly as Wilberforce did, with serious prayer to the Father of lights for aid to discern their true import and feel their real worth.

In concluding this letter, I would again express a hope that the writer is not without some grounds of apology for the attempt on

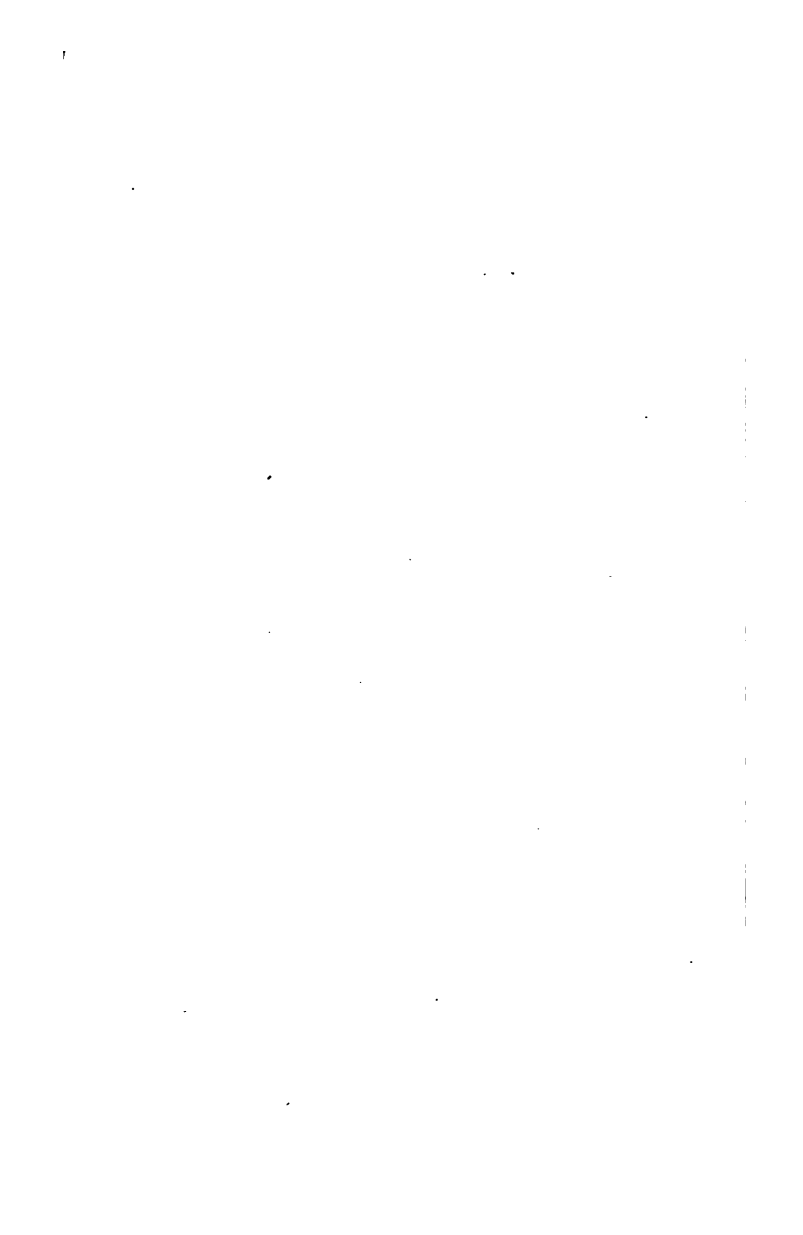
which he has ventured, at least in its general aim; if not as addressed to your Lordship in particular. He is well aware that there are those approaching more nearly to your own rank, and sphere, and pursuits, able experimentally to recommend this "philosophy," who might do so in *those* respects with far greater advantage.

But he has at least *these* pleas for "intermeddling," which, if first credited and then considered, will appear not worthless.—He gains by Christianity, either in office ecclesiastic or secular, or in pecuniary means and revenues,—nothing at all. He has encountered all the varieties of speculative doubt which could drive him to renounce it, or to rationalize and attenuate it almost to a nullity.

He has endured—as was hinted at the beginning, in divers forms much and deeply,—he has been and is sometimes profoundly "cast down," yet, as these pages may testify, is not "destroyed;" and has often been restored to cheerfulness and energy, certainly,

in great part, through the influence of spiritual supports and hopes, while the weight of outward trials has remained undiminished.

There are, however, far more striking attestations of this last kind, to the effect and value of our "philosophy" than his. You may find them, my Lord, in many cottages and in some noble mansions. I have space to adduce here only my own feeble and very imperfect instance, and I do so because a measure of such experience is evidently requisite for addressing you with honest earnestness, and desirable, to say the least, for accrediting the argument. The remedies which we ourselves have tried, and with good effect enough to make us invariably resort to them, are the only restoratives which we can feelingly urge or can have much hope of successfully recommending.





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